The Bourbon News.

GEO. D. MITCHELL, Lessee and Editor PARIS, - - KENTUCKY

CALLING ME HOME. When out from the woodland the dark

shadows creep,
Veiling the world from sight,
I think of the mother who soothed me to

Kissing me fond good-night. I see her loved form, in the dim far away, Standing beside the door,

And hear her sweet voice, at the close of the day.

Calling me home once more. No earthly devotion so true and so pure, Changeless in sun or rain; No sorrow of childhood her kiss cannot

cure, Soothing away the pain. Oh, bring back the voice of my mother to-

Winds from the unseen shore, The voice that in childhood I loved to obey, Calling me home once more.

Come back from the silence so deep and so vast, Mother, come home to-day, And comfort me just as you did in the past,

Kissing my tears away. Oh, give me my childhood, so happy and Give me the friends of yore;

Restore the sweet voice that was music to me,
Calling me home once more.

-Charles K. Burnside, in Pacific Monthly.

The Serene Themes

By F. H. LANCASTER.

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THE rain swept down upon the marshes in long, thin slants and the girl paused to gaze upon it with delighted eyes. Sidney Lanier's lines were in her heart and presently she gave them voice, joying with sympathy in the scene before her:

"Ye marshes, how candid and simple, and nothing withholding and free. Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea. Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and

the rains and the sun, Ye spread and span like the catholic man who has mightily won God out of knowledge and good out of in-

finite pain, And sight out of blindness, and purity out of a stain.

She gazed a moment and then tramped on through the wet, turning her head from time to time that the east wind might dash the fine rain against her face.

How glorious it was. All this fresh air and freedom after that close, smelly sitting-room at home.

"And those poor pitiful creatures, cramped up in stuffy chairs worshiping their serene Themes," she murmured. "Because it is customary to stay indoors when it rains, they would die for want of fresh air rather than not stay there." And she splashed her rubber boots delightedly through a

shining pool of new-fallen water. "I have little use for you, O Themes. Your ideas of right and wrong do not satisfy the deeper instincts of my soul. Your eternal fitness of things appears to me as a shallow subterfuge."

Some one laughed at her elbow. "And souls have instincts?"

"It is you," she commented, calmly. "Me," he admitted, "in my prehistoric duck paraphernalia." The girl laughed.

"You look it-every inch," she criticised, frankly.

"You didn't suppose that I was going to let you go gadding about in the rain alone, did you?"

"How was I to know that you were aware of my gadding?" she parried. "My study has a window, and so has my soul."

"Your soul!"

"I believe that is what poets call it. Don't they talk some sort of exquisite



THE GIRL SAT DOWN UPON A STUMP.

stuff about the eye being the window of the soul?"

"O. You must excuse my density. A poetical allusion from you is as unexpected as moonlight at midday. Still," she continued, thoughtfully, "I came by the wagon road and that is beyond your range of vision."

"Not when my power of sight is reenforced by a spy-glass," he turned and looked at her. "Which it was," he said, slowly.

"And how do you justify such proceedings to your serene Themes?" she mocked. "Is a spy-glass watch upon the movements of your women acquaintances customary? Does it coincide with her ideas of the eternal fitness of things?"

"I don't care for the serene Themes." | London Mail. he feturned, recklessly. The girl sat | down upon a stump and looked out at

the rain-swept marshes. "Behald his household god is in the dust. The ashes are cold upon its altars."

down in a rain."

"I am a trifle stupefied. When I hear one's friend deride his chosen goddess.

"Oh, Nan, have done! I knew that you could not keep away from the marshes on such a day as this.'

"But you did not propose to bespatter your rubber coat on an uncertainty," she remarked, wickedly. The color surged up slowly in his wet cheeks.

"You ought not to be so hard on Themes," he said with a brave attempt at indifference. "She was the mother of Peace and Justice and the Fates."

"And because the sins of the parents are visited upon the children, the virtues of the children should reflect upon the parents? But still, my friend, I must admit small admiration for your goddess of custom. Her golden chains are more binding than any of the iron links forged by Vul-

He was looking at her, but not listening. It was the first time in two years that she had called him friend. And she had done it in the old-time, pleasant way. The tone carried him back to the comfortable times before they had quarreled over one of her reckless invasions against the laws of custom.

"I don't know," he said, vaguely, when he realized that it was his turn to say something. "I'm not well up on Greek mythology."

"But I am talking everyday sense. say that there are more unwilling victims dragged at the chariot wheels of customs to-day than ever Roman conquerors displayed on their triumphs. There are millions of people grinding their lives out doing things they detest merely because it is customary. You know what I one Must Go to Small Interior Cities

"I wish to the Lord that I did." She looked at him with a touch of calm disdain, then let her eyes drift lazily to the drenched landscape. For an instant she found herself wishing that it was not quite so pleasant to have him there. 'The rain makes his But that was scarcely a cause for avoiding their fearless glance.

"I am going to organize an anti-Themes club," she announced. "The members are to pledge themselves to do whatever they feel like doing, irrespective of what is customary."

"I will sign the pledge as, soon as it is written." His voice shook a little. Nan turned to look at him. "You needn't laugh," she began;

then she faced about suddenly and quickened her pace. "It is going to rain harder, I think,"

she remarked, grimly. "No," she returned. "I saw a gleam on the marsh just now. The sun will be out in half an hour." "When are you going to write that

pledge?" he questioned, softly. "Oh, I don't know."

"Because I am getting a little impatient to sign it.' "Do you find the serene Themes a tyrant at last? Let me tell you, men get off easy compared to what women

have to bow down to "I don't know about that. I have gone around for the last two years half-dead to break one of her laws, and not daring to do it."

Nan's eyes measured the marsh. "I shouldn't imagine it would be easy to respect a man who was forever clinging to the skirts of custom," she remarked, impersonally.

"Shouldn't you?" he echoed, absently. His finger tips were beginning to tingle. The rain came down afresh, pattering briskly upon the back of their rubber coats and veiling the marshes in translucent mists.

"Neither should I," he added, after a long pause. "The serene Themes has stifled my life too long. By this sign I renounce my allegiance." His warm, wet lips caught hers and clung to them. In an instant Nan was facing him through three feet of misty rain.

"You crazy," she exclaimed. "Don't," he protested. "I have only done what I have been longing to do day and night for the last two years. I have renounced-

"We had better walk on," she cut in, coolly. "The rain isn't exactly the proper place for gossiping."

"Ah, but we do not care a fig for the proprieties. Wait, Nan, I take it back! If you only knew how irresistible you make ready for the great change which were with those rain drops on your face. Besides, it really is your turn to ly Mexican. We are to be transformed, be a little loving now. I have been says the Mexican Herald, made nervdoing it all for the last two years."

to rest from your labors?" "You little fraud, you know that it doesn't. You know that as long as I be tamed, the climate, the sun, which live I shall go on loving you through is the master magician, will make over

"Oh, for pity's sake, don't fall in love with my rubber coat. Recall the sad by formidable nervous diseases, confate of those galoshes that got kissed sent to relax. The spectacle of cities into holes. It would trouble me to like New York and Chicago, where awake some morning to the fact that millions of the unsuccessful find the my rubber coat was a wreck."

"Nan," he said, sternly, "does all this mean that you love me, or that you do

She turned to con a lesson of candor from the candid marshes, then she leaned her head back against him to meet his eager eyes. "It means that I do," she answered,

Noise a Passport to Popularity. Noise is not usually a passport to popularity. But the archbishop of Canterbury by his stentorian voice Devonshire farmer, who was overheard to say, admiringly, near the botthe beshup, 'cos he hollers proper."-

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Roasting peanuts is a business not at all to be despised. It adds 21 cents in value to every pound of peanuts. There are five bags to the pound and "Nonsense! Get up from there. these sell for 25 cents when the pound Don't you know better than to sit | cost only about four cents. If that is not making money, what is?

PUZZLE PICTURE.



TO WHOM IS SHE SPEAKING?

OLD MEXICO AND NEW.

to Find Reminders of the Former,

To most of us, grinding and toiling in the huge factory which an imperfect in reality an edifice resounding with where nothing good lasts to long. the clank of machinery, the irksome eyes so much bluer," she reflected. tinkling of telephone bells, and the racket of the typewriters, it seems almost incredible that there really does exist a fairer and more delightful world outside that great, sunny, cheerful Mexico, which, as time goes on and the din and hurry augment, recedes before our mental gaze.

city was filled with something of the charm of the middle ages; no one hurleisure; all had "time" to gather the existence. True, the streets were badly paved, the drainage was most unscientific, mails were not any too punctual and to go far from the capital involved journeys somewhat perilous and always romantic.

To find that lost charm one must now visit the interior cities, and, above dents of the City of Mexico will, almost to a man, tell you that, while there is vastly more "business," more security, better furniture, and more people wearing modern clothes, that, somehow, something has departed, a something that made life very agreeable.

What has been lost is the characteristic features of Moro-Spanish civilization, a ripened product, mature with long centuries of formation. The apostles of progress, wearing knitted brows, their eyes always peering into some future calculation, will deride all this as "rubbish." But they are wrong; many doubtful things have been gained; life has more pressing occupations; there is a growing hurry, much more social show, but far less enjoyment.

The old Mexico was comfortable, enchanting; under the arcades of the cities one felt the charm of Spainvast and sunlit plazas where people and dolce far niente. For all these moter towns. They, too, are menaced it advances and people are told to is to efface all that is characteristicalous, pushed into the dollar chase and "Does that mean that you propose all things are to be treated by the

standard: "Does this pay?" The hurrying crowd will eventually and through, even to your rubber coat." the new conquistadores. They will have to submit to nature, and, warned couraging. It is not the sort of civili. Atchison Globe.

zation that suits these southern lands. It cannot long endure when transplanted here.

So there is hope that what is essential to happiness in these lands will be saved; that the new Goths and Vandals will be subdued, will feel the spell of an old civilization and consent to be civilization calls a palace of progress, happy as men should be in a world

COUSIN TO THE SQUIRREL.

Such Is the Relationship of the Woodchuck, Say Naturalists Who Have Studied the Animal.

H. D. Reed and Verne Morton, in Country Life in America, tell an inter-Not so many years ago this ancient esting and pictorial story of the woodchuck or "ground hog."

"Perhaps no wild mammal," says Mr. ried, life had a broad margin of Reed, "is more familiar to country people than the woodchuck. Every hillflower of pleasure by the roadside of side and meadow is dotted with the small piles of earth which mark the doorway to his home. The woodchuck prefers a hillside or a knoll in which to dig a hole, for here he can easily make the end of his den higher than the beginning, thus avoiding the danger of being drowned out.

"What could be more unlike in all, the smaller ones, where Mexico general appearance than a woodchuck holds still to the pleasant ways and and a squirrel? Yet they are cousins, the unhasting pace which are so in both belong to the same family of contrast with the rapid commercialism mammals. The trim body, sharp claws of these new times. Old foreign resi- and agility of the squirrels make it possible for them to lead an arboreal to branch, while the flabby form and being duped by confidence men. short legs of the woodchuck better adapt him for digging than for run-

ning or climbing. "The nature of the food of the woodchuck is such that he cannot lay up stores as the chipmunks do, nor is it of such a kind that it can be obtained during the winter. The case of this creature during the winter seems to be, therefore, one of 'sleep long and soundly or starve.' During the winter's sleep or hibernation life processes go on very slowly. Breathing is reduced, and the heart-beats become so slow and feeble that they cannot be felt. They come from their winter's sleep about the 1st of March in New

Potatoes and Cancer.

The registrar general for Ireland says that nearly 20 per cent. of the idly talked-great stone mansions people of the Emerald isle die of old with balconies haunted by las damas, age. There are, he says, 212 Irish men an air of careless leisure, happiness and women now living over 100 years old, a proportion far above the averthings one must now go into the re- age of most nations. In speaking of the prevalence of cancer in Ireland by the crashing car of progress; the the report notes the evidence that the clangor of its harsh gong is heard as most prosperous, the most populous and least Celtic counties suffer most from this dread disease. while those sections where the Celtic race is purest and a buttermilk, meal and potato diet is most prevalent are most exempt from cancer. It would be a curious thing were it established, not only, as at present seriously suggested, that the humble potato is a counter-active to cancer, because there existed for three centuries in several European countries a most malicious prejudice against the wholesome tuber.-Detroit Free Press.

Spoiling a Good Impression. Some men make a good impression and then spoil it by telling you what game of competition hateful, is not en- | wonderful things they have done .-

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